

## Kate Clyde

Dissects the Woman Who Relies Upon Others and Commends the Woman Who Relies Upon Herself—A Few Forerunners of the Winter Modes

THERE are two kinds of women—those who are willing to stand on their own feet, and those who are ever looking for some one else to bear their burdens.

I am sorry to say a good many marriages are entered upon by the latter class for no better reason than that father is giving out and it's a question of providing another provider for life.

It seems to me that if I were a young man the principal thing I would fight shy of would be the "clinging vine" young woman. Better even the masculine woman who strides through life with nose high in the air and spirit proudly undaunted, than a woman who wants to support herself and thanks no man for what she receives.



The masculine woman.

the parasite type of girl whose very smiles are measured and put into the places where they will bring the best returns.

I have no respect for the girl who marries in order to be provided for. She would better, in my opinion, scrub floors, wash dishes—anything rather than live a life that must warp her life, stunt her brain and—But when I come to think of it the girl who does such a thing usually hasn't a brain large enough to hurt her. If she had, it couldn't help working, and if it worked ever so slightly she wouldn't have marriage as the sole resort.

### The Game of Marriage.

It is a great game, this getting married, if you stand aside and watch the toot and scramble of it.

It is a fact which no sane and observant person will deny that there is probably no girl living who does not long in her heart of hearts to wear a wedding ring. She may deny it loudly, but it is only a pose or resignation in its eleventh degree when she discerns that she is neither pretty enough nor witty enough to corral a man.

The girl in the upper ten has methods of her own—to wit, an icy aloofness and a sophisticated air calculated to make bashful aspirants unaware of her secret flutterings.

The woman who toils affects an air of severe business and attention to higher and more engrossing matters.

The strong-minded lady joins clubs and speaks of mere man; incidentally she is perfectly aware that she looks her best in a tailor-made.

The girl who belongs to the great lower class gibes at and fairly insults the man her heart prefers until her cruelty fairly drives him to madness or a proposal.

The girl who is "getting on" becomes athletic, a good sport and a jolly fellow. She isn't ever going to marry; she cares too much about keeping her men as friends. And they ha ha and agree that there is no guile in her and that she is a good sort until some simple Simon foretells that there is a higher and more ancient law of attraction than good fellowship, and he gets trapped by way of teaching him a lesson.

### How It Happened.

And the little fool? Ah, she makes the awful dreadful mistake of being thoroughly nice to the man she cares for and incidentally of letting him see into her loving little heart that she wouldn't mind being Mrs. Whatever-His-Name-Is.

And she never would! For this is a clever womanhood is a freemasonry in which

The colonel's lady And Judy O'Grady Are sisters under their skin.

The methods on the Bowery and on Fifth avenue may be different, but the

The girl in the upper ten.



moral is the same. If you want to marry, pretend you don't; if you care for a certain man, pretend you don't.

And man, dear, stupid, contrary man, he rises to that bait every time!

### From Beaux to Bows.

But enough of this, or some man reading this may come to the conclusion that I am rather designing myself. We will not deal with the innocuous subject of tulle bows. You may have thought in your innocence that they had gone out of style. Not a bit of it. With cold weather they return with the fur stole and the little open space at the throat where the stole doesn't quite

meet. The truth is that nothing is more flattering to a woman, be she young or old, than this same bit of tulle. If she is young it accentuates the pearl and pink tones of her dimpled chin; if she is not so young as she once was it throws an illusion over the telltale lines on her neck. It has been known when applied to a—well, a soiled blouse worn for economy sake under a coat to give an air of spotless opulence entirely misleading. I have never heard one word in disparagement of it. The prettiest bow to wear with a white dress is one of plain tulle, but with a colored dress it should be of cream or white tulle dotted in velvet of the color of the gown. This dotted tulle is especially fetching with purple or pale green spots. The size of the bow should be governed by the plumpness of the wearer. The skinny girl can stand an expansive one, and the girl with dimples should have the slenderest wisp.



The girl of the great lower class.

### The Long Coat.

This promises to be a very cold winter, and a long or three-quarter coat will be a necessity for the woman who is at all delicate. I am not in favor of a black coat unless black is very becoming to the individual. For one thing, black is giving way to colors; it is no longer the smart thing it was. And, again, a light coat cleans easily, and it can be used both for day and evening wear. A pongee colored cloth or a pale gray is most practical and should be lined with a light, flowered silk or a plain satin. A coat of this description worn with a white hat and stole is distinctly smart for almost every occasion, and it "covers a multitude of sins."

Of course a coat for evening wear only is smartest in white or cream cloth, but this is too conspicuous for street wear, although I have seen some daring women wearing white coats with ermine furs in the afternoon.

The toque shape absolutely leads in millinery, and no one who aspires to be fashionable will be seen wearing a large shape this winter. For those who can afford it, nothing is smarter than a hat of ermine in tricorn or boat shape. This is not as expensive as it sounds, for it trims itself. If you can't afford the whole hat of ermine, white velvet or braid with a band of ermine edging the brim will be almost as effective.

New York. KATE CLYDE.

### WOMAN MARRIED AND SINGLE.

If every wife would establish for herself the rule of conduct which won for her the love of the man whose name she bears the question of married happiness would solve itself in most cases. There are, of course, instances where perpetual ill temper or dissipation makes a man unfit to live with, and no amount of cheerfulness and self denial will mitigate the horrors of a union with such a person. Happily for the good of the world, such cases are in the minority and need not be considered.

except as isolated cases. Such a union is deplorable and must be studied well by the parties most interested if a proper solution of the difficulty is to be arrived at. Outside advice and interference are worse than useless.

It is true that no woman is made of wood, nor is her heart of stone. If it were she would not be a wife, though it does not necessarily follow that all wo-

cases of married unhappiness which come within the radius of their vision act as a deterrent, and they hesitate to give up a happy independence for the uncertainties of married life.

### DO SOMETHING.

A physician says: "If you cannot find pleasure in the study of the many wonders that surround you, if you care not



### A DAINTY WHITE WAIST.

Very attractive is this dainty waist of white chiffon velvet with a yoke and front trimming of crochet lace. The material is laid in three deep plaits on each side of the front and is fashioned similarly in the back. The sleeves are large puffs shirred into ruffles at the elbow. A girdle of white velvet completes the ensemble.

men who do not marry are not capable of deep affection. There are many and varying causes which contribute to maintain the average of unmarried women, an average which is not increasing so fast that fear need be entertained of the extinction of the race. The opening of countless vocations, the ease with which women may acquire the higher education, no doubt have had their influence in determining many to remain in a state of single blessedness.

Many girls are dominated by the spirit of independence. They are capable of earning a liberal salary, and they hesitate to give up the career for which they have spent years of preparation. They look about them, and the few

for geology, natural history or astronomy, collect walking sticks, buy and cherish old, cracked china, fill up albums and scrapbooks or even gather together autographs and postage stamps—anything sooner than be idle." The doctor is undoubtedly right, for true recreation requires a thorough change of work and also of thought.

### VERY DANGEROUS.

Owing to a stamp coming off a post card in his pocket, a Viennese merchant discovered that his wife and one of his friends were carrying on a secret correspondence. Messages were written under the space covered by the stamp on picture post cards. The discovery led to a divorce.

## THE COMFORTING BELIEF IN HELPING FORCES.

A FRIEND writes: "I have quit reading and talking and gone to work. Doing is the great and important thing, after all. Talk is easy, but it takes work to move things. The life of work is the only life that counts and gives satisfaction."

It is worth living to old age to find out this secret of life. Many never find it out. Those who have learned it are those who shove this world along. To keep silence and work for some worthy aim—that is what makes the successful life.

There is a difference, however, in the way we labor. We are not to toil as the ox does or the time server who works while his taskmaster's eye is on him, or yet as the individual who labors only to accumulate wealth to spend on mere animal delights. We are to work as the artist does, as the Creator of the universe works to produce something that will give satisfaction in itself to us and to others. It is not of the slightest consequence whether Mrs. Grundy considers our work honorable or menial. Grundy is the craziest, blindest authority in this universe, willfully blind. Our task may be the doing of domestic labor day by day. What then? Let us do it perfectly and artistically and find satisfaction in that artistic perfection. Because one does housework now does not mean she shall not aspire to something else.

It is the perfect doing of present tasks with the perpetual aspiration toward higher and nobler results that achieves progress. A girl who was an inmate of a charity home and school longed to be an artist. She was obliged to assist in the homely daily household tasks of the institution. Being at heart an artist, the girl did cooking, dish washing and sweeping artistically, not slapping, head foremost, ill naturedly. While she did the housework perfectly, however, there was always in her soul the longing to express herself in what the world calls "art." She knew what was in her to be expressed; she held to her great desire and waited opportunity.

The opportunity came. The girl is now a beautiful, cultured lady, known for true and noble work in art.

Here is the point of this whole writing: Hold fast to your soul's desire, and if it is a worthy one, the forces of the universe will in time lend themselves to the achievement of that aim. Many who have tried this testify to its absolute efficacy. They believe that somehow and somewhere are powerful invisible forces that bring to them opportunity and means to achieve their aims. Before steady aim, held always without wavering or discouragement, obstacles in time must yield. It sounds like magic, but it is the operation of law. Some call these forces vibrations of the universal mind; others call them this, and that. Emerson has noted them in his essays. But whatever they are, they are there to help us. We have only to do our best with the tasks we have, keep our thought on our ultimate aim, then trust that opportunity will come to us to achieve it. Here is the meaning of the Scripture saying, "Be not weary in well doing." There is no element of time in this unseen working out of our plan. Years may be required; again, it may come quickly.

We are to ignore time altogether and watch for the circumstances that make for our success.

In this way of looking at life one experiences a buoyancy, an inspiration, that nothing else affords. It is the most comforting doctrine ever preached to mortals—that working with and for us are powers of light which help us to the attainment of all our worthy, persistently held desires and purposes.

KATHERINE BLADES.

### SEWING BUTTONS ON TO STAY.

When you want to sew buttons on your boys' waistcoats, knickerbockers, coats or underwear follow these directions, and you will never have to re-sew those buttons: Place your button; take a hairpin (a strong one) and lay across button, then sew over hairpin. When you have put as much thread through the eyes as they will hold withdraw the hairpin, push the needle through near the button, pull the button up and wrap the thread several times round between the button and goods. Fasten on the underside, and your button will stay on until the garment is worn out.

### A SMART BLOUSE.

Attractive little blouse waists are necessities in the wardrobe of every well dressed woman, and, despite the fact that they are supposed to be "out," these little bodices are very much in evidence on all semidress occasions.

The illustration shows a blouse of lilac silk arranged with slightly draped



fronts. The shawl shaped collar is bordered with a tucked ruffle of silk. The plastron is of cream lace, and the cravat of embroidered baliste is held in place by an art clasp. The sleeves are wonderfully constructed affairs with mousquetaire cuffs and a gigot upper part, the connecting link being a small ruffle and turned back band.

The motto of Mrs. Russell Sage is, "I purpose to make every day as complete as I can with my surroundings."

## Mme. Sarah Grand

## Her New Woman

IN the English book "Who's Who," that gazetteer of fame for Great Britain and a few other places, Mme. Sarah Grand is mentioned as interested in the Woman Movement, printed with a large W and a large M. The lady herself is certainly living up to her capitals. "Who's Who" informs the inquiring that she was born in Ireland, but the year of the event no man knoweth save perhaps Sarah Grand herself and the keeper of the register of the parish in which it occurred. Sarah Grand is consistent in not mentioning her age, for the new woman does not bother about age. She has learned that a lady may be attractive, even charming, at any age. But the American new woman has an advantage over the British one. In the United King-



SARAH GRAND.

dom all births must be registered. Here that is not necessary except in some of our large cities.

On the whole, therefore, it is more fortunate for the new woman to be born in the States. Sarah Grand's maiden name was Clarke. Her father was a lieutenant in the British navy. Her mother's name was Sherwood. When she was seven years old her father died, and her mother packed up Sarah and the other children and went back to the Sherwood home in Yorkshire, England. There the author grew from childhood to girlhood, the never had more than a year or two of regular schooling, which she herself seems to consider rather lucky, since he had not to undergo the dwarfing, tiffening mental processes then in vogue at the British female school.

All who read her books carefully must note the marvelously clear, strong English Sarah Grand uses. She says she owes her training in this respect to an "Uncle Lloyd" whom she mentions as being very critical with the Clarke children, making them always speak correctly. Happy the child that has some one in the family who will correct its mistakes of speech!

Literary style the author of "The Heavenly Twins" acquired by constant practice and trying, dipping ever down more and more into the deep, pure well of the English language. For literary critics and schools of literature she has scant respect, with their life destroying rules and canons of so called art. The would be author must do the work himself, evolving his own style altogether. Sarah Grand speaks even reverently of this evolution of style from a writer's own soul.

In her girlhood little Miss Clarke had not much time to practice on literary style or anything else by reason of the brevity of that girlhood. At sixteen she was married to Lieutenant Colonel McFall, a surgeon in the British army. He was a widower with two sons, the elder only six years younger than herself. It is this elder stepson, Haldane McFall, himself a brilliant writer, who is now Mme. Grand's most faithful friend and also her secretary in her home at Tunbridge Wells, England. When she came to this country lecturing Sarah Grand wore a so called zodiacal ring. It was hammered out by an east African native. Such rings are manufactured only in one village of east Africa. The native made this ring for Haldane McFall and told him to give it to his best beloved. Mr. McFall put it upon his stepmother's finger. When the young man was married, a few years later, Sarah Grand offered to give him the ring back that he might present it to his wife, but he refused to take it. The native who made the zodiacal ring told him it would bring bad luck if worn by any but the woman to whom it was first given, so Sarah Grand wears it still.

The lovely young wife of Haldane McFall died early, leaving a tiny infant to his care and that of the devoted stepmother. The child, a girl now seven years old, is the dearest treasure of both the father and the youthful step-grandmother. There must be something very gentle and lovable in the nature of a woman who can call out such affection on the part of her husband's children. It throws a rarely beautiful light around the woman who is one of the most powerful fiction writers of her time.

It was one of her stepsons who, in



### A SMART WALKING GOWN.

The smart walking gown illustrated is carried out in tomato red cloth, the skirt banded with the cloth and velvet of the same shade. The bolero jacket has a waistcoat of velvet fastened with enameled buttons. The blouse and puffed undersleeves are of muslin.

connection with her own son, helped the author to print "The Heavenly Twins." She herself had published her first story, "Ideala," which Ruskin had turned down. Discouraged by Ruskin's unfavorable verdict, Sarah Grand had let "Ideala" lie in manuscript in her desk for seven years. Then she reread it, decided it to be a good story and had it printed at her own expense. It was an instant success and made her well known. Then she wrote "The Heavenly Twins," spent two years on it, after which she tried it on the leading publisher following her marriage she had gone with him to India and there lived a number of years, traveling from one end of it to the other. Her own son is now on the theatrical stage. In person Mrs. McFall is rather tall, with a beau-

tiful head, dark brown hair and a low, soft voice with the sound of exquisite culture in it. She possesses a unique and fascinating individuality.

In the large way her life is vowed to woman. She saw in India so many painful instances of the hard fate of her sex that the picture remained ever after before her soul's eyes. She is vice president of the English Central and Western Society for Woman Suffrage. Wherever she can speak a word for the rights of woman, industrially or otherwise, she speaks it. So well is her labor for her own sex appreciated in Great Britain that some time ago 8,000 women presented her with a beautiful diamond necklace.

Her ideal "new woman" seems to her the perfect flowering of the feminine type. She believes every woman should have equal right and opportunity with man, the equal right to education, to choice of work, to entire personal liberty of action. But so far from such right and such freedom coarsening, they will only make the ever feminine more feminine still, delighting in all beauty and refinement, gentle and loving, yet strong, free and noble. There is not anything coarsening in the cultivation of the intellect or the broadening of the intelligence. On the whole, there does not seem much to quarrel with in Sarah Grand's new woman, except perhaps on the part of those "old" women who find themselves completely thrown into the shade by her.

Mme. Grand considers the American system of educating girls vastly superior to that of the old world because of the greater freedom and independence it gives.

MARILLA WEAVER.

### WOMAN ON HER TRAVELS.

An experienced tourist says: The wise traveler does not carry her notes and gold and tickets in a chamotte bag pushed inside her corset, which appears to be with many women the sole alternative for a loose outside pocket, easily picked. She has a neat inside pocket made in the lining of her coat, where her purse and her little wad of notes repose in safety. She never puts them in a purse, which is in a hand-bag, which is on a light chain or strap, which is hooked insecurely to her waist or left lying about the carriage, and she never, never, never stows away her cash in her trunk "for safety." Her tickets and her loose change are in a small outside pocket immediately accessible, and her handkerchief, smelling bottle, etc., are not in the same pocket, but in another or in the chateleine bag, which is the proper receptacle for such small articles only.

Therefore she does not keep a whole train waiting while she is hunting for a ticket that has been flitted out with her handkerchief on to the floor; she does not keep prodding and fumbling at her garments in a series of heart shocking convulsions that her pockets have been picked, and she never finds herself whirling along toward the growing lights of Paris with a ticket and a few cents for all her capital to journey across the continent because her trunk has got left at Calais with all her money in it.

A man when traveling has the common sense to "do himself well" even if dining car luncheons and dinners and refreshment room "snacks" add to the cost of his journey. A woman wearing

\$200 furs will nibble a bun and a sponge cake in the car and have a cup of tea on the boat, arriving at her journey's end utterly wearied out for want of proper food. "Traveling is so fatiguing," she says as she pulls the blinds down and prepares to spend a day in bed. Meantime her neighbor, who had a hot breakfast in the train, wired ahead for luncheon basket and dined well on the boat, arrives bright eyed and brisk and goes off to golf for the day, with a dance in immediate prospect.

Some women learn these things after a little painful experience; others never do.

### SUCCESS AND SYMPATHY.

It is not generally supposed that sympathy and success have much to do with each other, and if by success is meant immediate personal gain perhaps they are not intimately related, but if by success is meant the effective

achievement of any worthy object then it is not difficult to show that they are both based on the same foundation. Sympathy, although an emotion, depends upon a certain intellectual power, that of realizing the condition and needs, the joys and sufferings of other people. Without this power of imagination no sympathy can exist, and whenever the power is most active the other will be in fullest operation.

### THE POSTOFFICE GIRL.

Here is a delightful little story against the postoffice girl. A gentleman who went into a postoffice to buy stamps found a young woman with her elbows on the counter gazing in abstraction into space. After waiting a few seconds he took off his hat and said in a deeply reverential manner, "Madam, if you are engaged in prayer I will wait till you have finished." There was an angry sparkle in her eye, but the remark had its effect.



MME. JUSSERAND, WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

Like the wives of so many other foreign diplomats accredited to the United States, Mme. Jusserand is an American. Before her marriage to M. Jean Jules Jusserand she was Miss Elise Richards. Her father was a partner in the banking house of Munroe & Co., at Paris, where Miss Richards has lived so many years that she is much like a Frenchwoman. M. Jusserand is a man of quiet, refined tastes, being of the scholar-statesman type of diplomatist. Perhaps, in conservative side of Washington society as opposed to the gay young set headed by Countess Marguerite Cassini. Mme. Jusserand will be one of the leaders in the merry war Lady Durand and others are to wage against the Washington social set that makes things very lively indeed. The battle will be watched with interest by those not engaged in it.